

THE MISSILE



PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

May, 1931

MARY Wilkinson
1931

THE MISSILE P

Vol. XXIV.

PETERSBURG, VA., MAY, 1931

No. 4

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Remember me
Linnwood Dyer



PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

FEBRUARY CLASS



ALMA H. BEST



LILLIAN P. BIVINS



MILDRED E. BRISTOW



OTIS V. BROWNING



ROBERT B. CAMERON



IVA L. CANDLER



WESLEY C. DUNNIVANT



NEIL M. FINK



VIOLET I. FRANKLIN

*Don't forget
me, Mary.
Best o' luck.
Love.
Mildred
Bristow.*

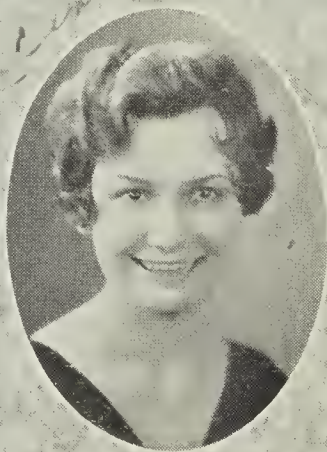
*Wishing you
much success
Dor*

*Violet
Franklin*

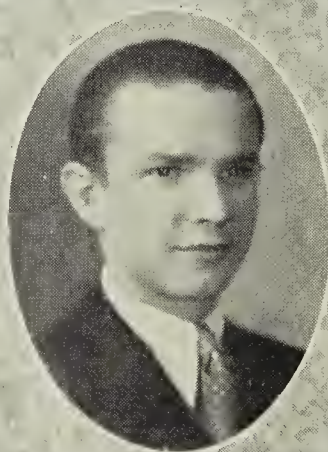
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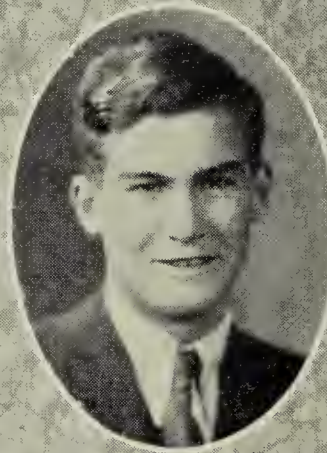
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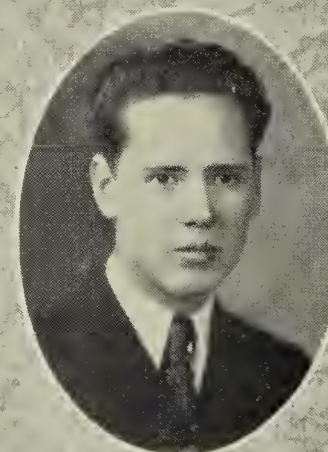


ROBERT B. MALLORY

Robert B. Mallory



PEGGY J. MANSON



RICHARD L. MATTHEWS



JENNIE L. MARTON

*To send to
Miss W. P. Merrill*

*Good luck
Grace.*

*Good luck
Peggy
Jennie*

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

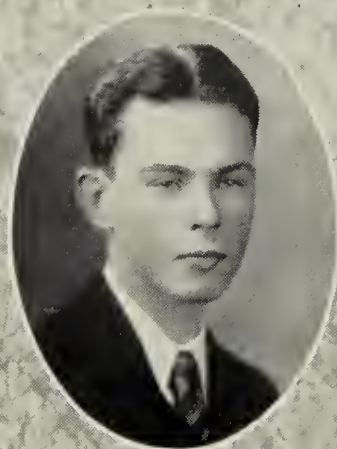
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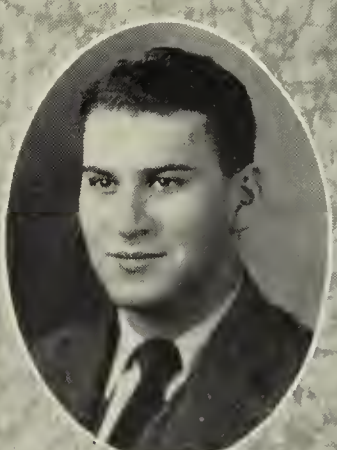
SARAH R. SHAPIRO



ALICE E. SMITH



RUTH J. STAREY



HERBERT TOBIAS

*Love
Pyne*

Margaret Roberts

*Good Luck
Howard Robertson*

*Best Luck
Charlie*

*Best Wishes
Wilhelmena*

*Love
Alice*

*Wishing you
all the best*

“THE MISSILE”

— FEBRUARY CLASS —



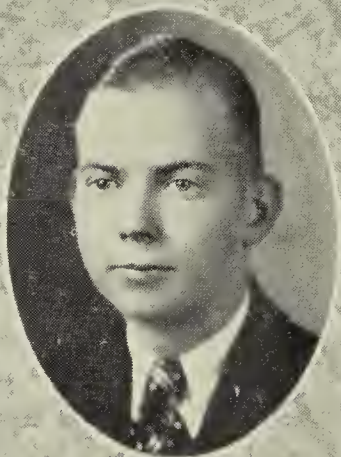
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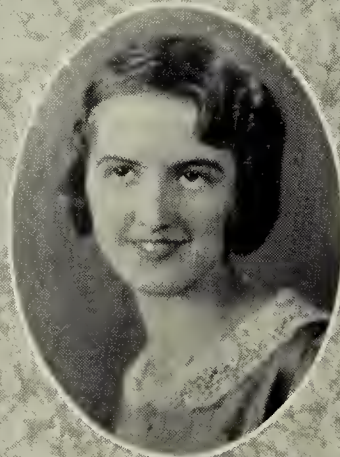
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MARY C. WRIGHT

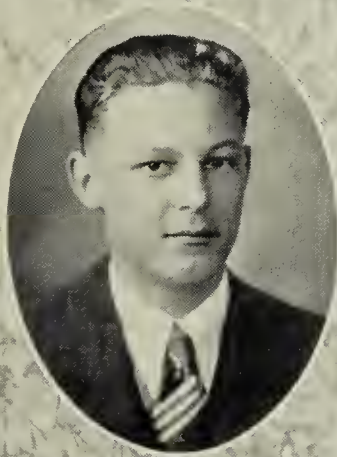
Best o' Luck
Mary C. Wright



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Walter Bates



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Genevieve Baugh



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Dorothy Baxter



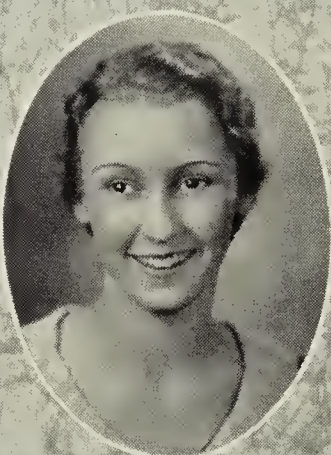
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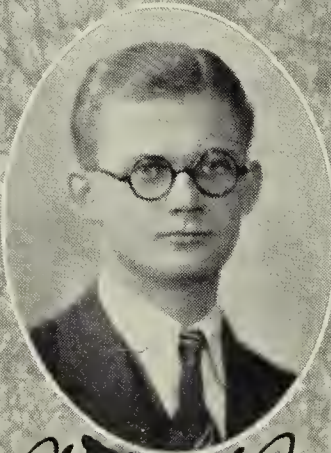
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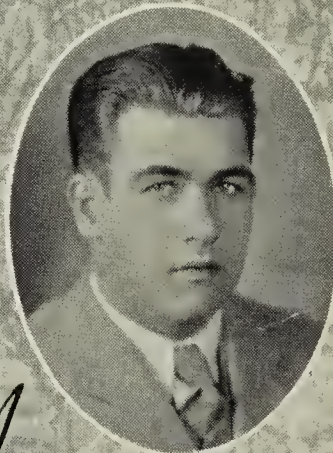
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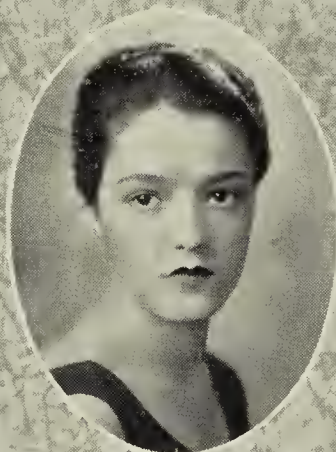
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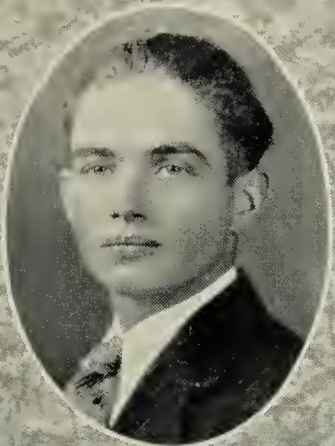


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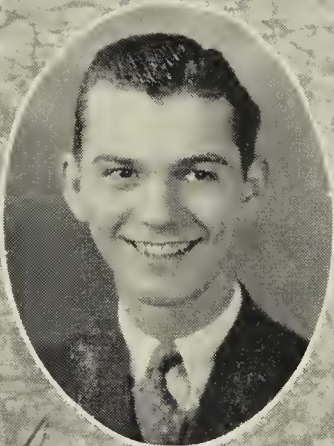
*Don't stop hoping your success
is everything you
undertake to do
and lots of
happiness in
your future
life.*

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

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HUBERT DIXON



WARDEN T. EMORY

Warden Emory



LILLIE B. ESSIG

Good Luck Lillie Belle



ALICE P. FARINHOLT



MARGARET FRANKLIN

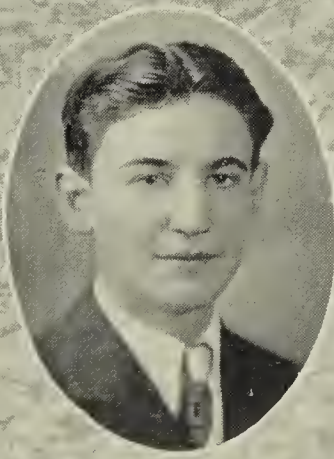


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Good Luck Wesley Gabbet



WILLIAM A. GALLION, JR.



GEORGE A. HASSETT



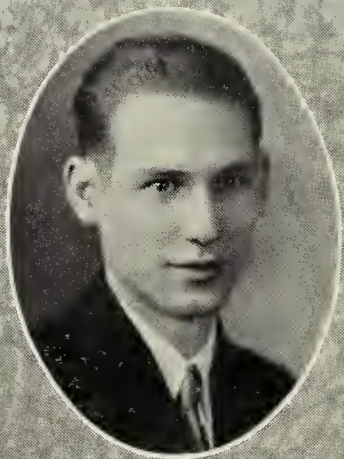
BERNICE T. HAWKES

Wishes for your success and happiness Bernice Hawkes

Good Luck William

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WILLIAM L. M. HAWKINS



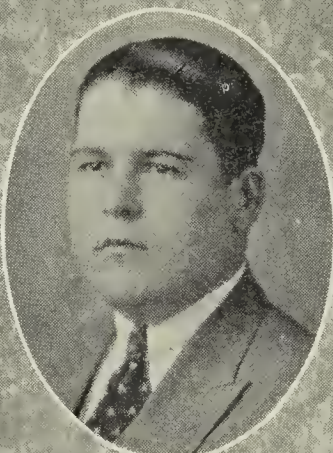
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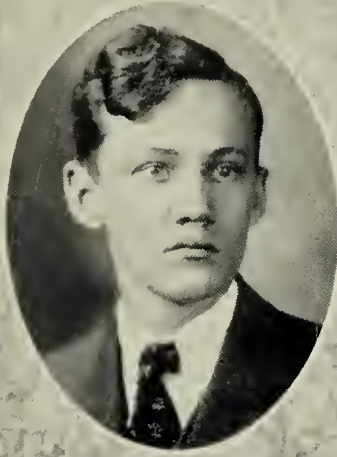


MARY L. NEWCOMB

*Best wishes to
Mary Frances!
Julia*

*Very warm
frances*

Laurelback Relief



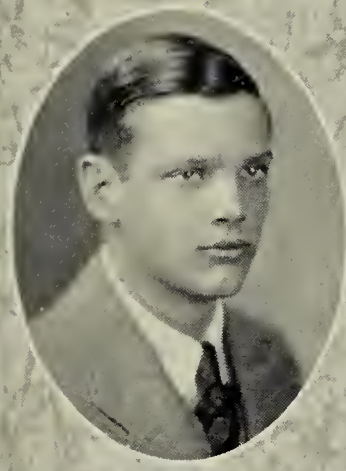
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LAURIE L. POLLARD



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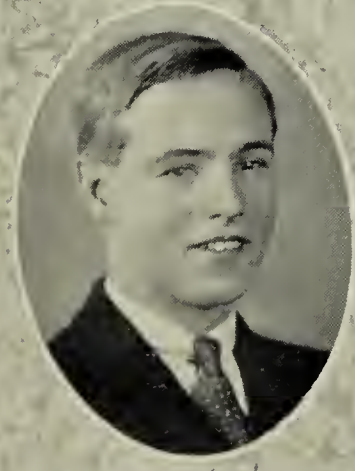
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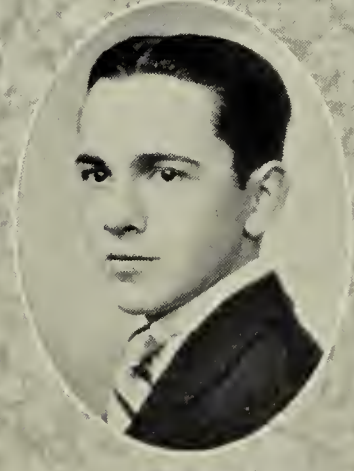
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JOHN R. ROBERTSON, JR.



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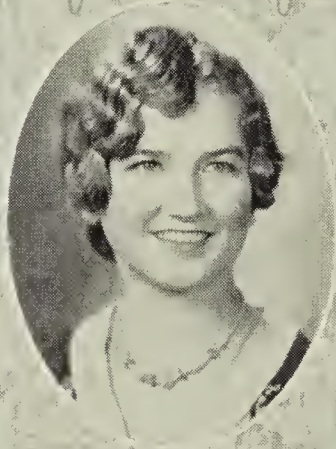


VIRGINIA K. RUCKER

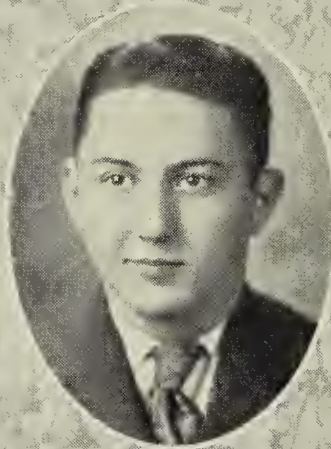
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HERMAN J. SANDLER



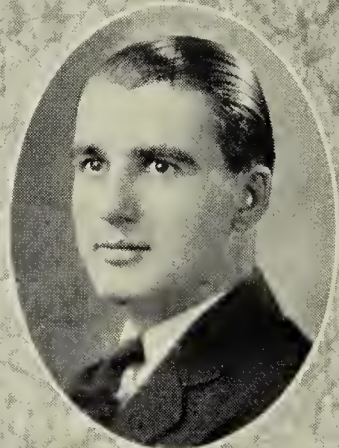
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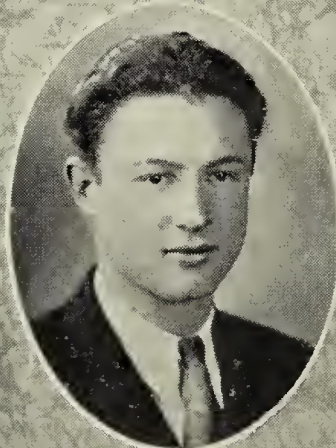
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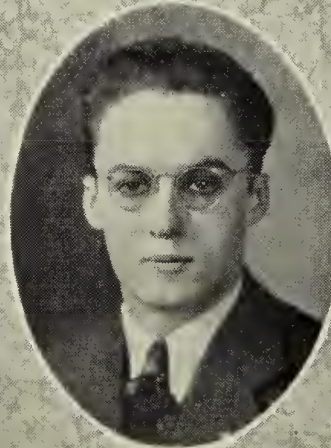
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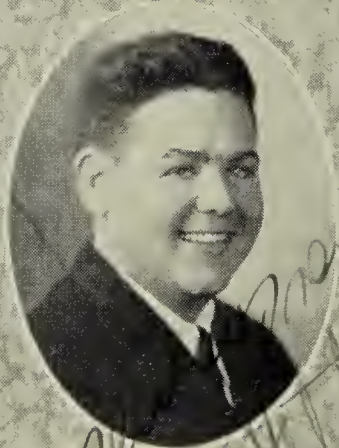
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SOLOMON W. SYKES



CARLIS A. TUCKER

Virginia Rudy

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MARY E. WARD

MAXINE M. WELCH

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CARRIE M. WHITLOCK

SPENCER M. WHITT

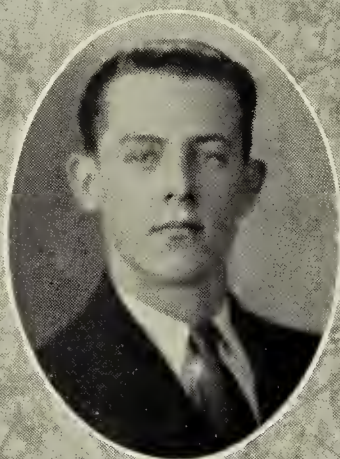
VIRGINIA D. C. WICKER

GEORGE H. WILLIAMS

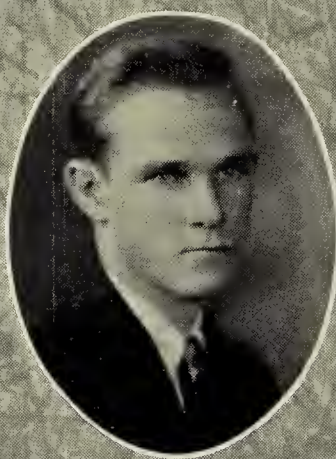
Virginia

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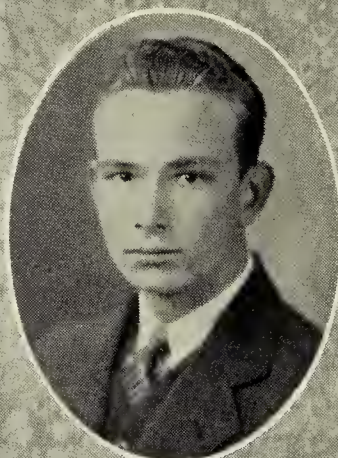
JUNE CLASS



MARTIN B. WILLIAMS



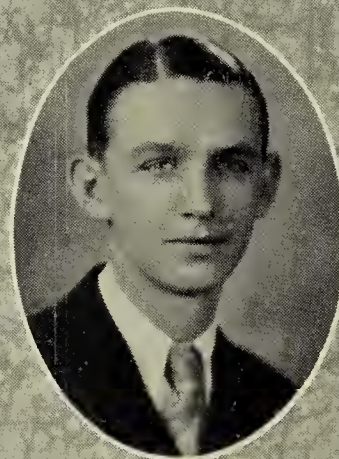
JOHN T. WILLIAMSON



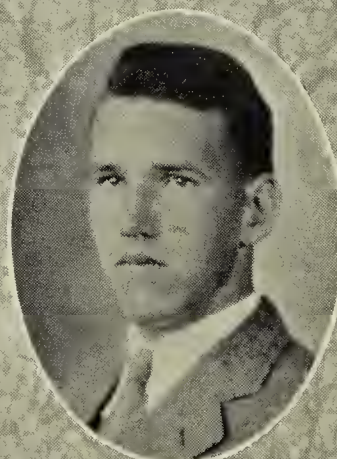
NELSON W. WILLIS, JR.



MILDRED L. WOOD



HENRY B. WORSHAM



HOWARD E. WRIGHT, JR.

Howard Wright Jr.

me Wickie

A.S. Holmes.

H. Augustus Miller Jr

So bad that my
bel-oo-ti-ful picture
isn't in here for you
to admire
Virginia Mather

Class Poem

By Mary E. Ward

Fare-thee-well, dear High School days,
Our stay with you is o'er,
And we can give you naught but praise.
Could anyone say more?
Life's door for us you've opened wide,
May the journey hence be clear!
By your trusty wisdom far descried
You've taught us none to fear.

We have toiled and we've attained
One step towards our goal.
Though by leaving you we're pained,
We're happy on the whole.
On setting out on an unknown sea,
We're endeavoring to be game.
May each deserve his destiny—
Good-bye! We're on to fame!

67. 2
21. 2
1-2-20
Phillips

THE MISSILE

Four Poems

By George H. Orser

I

The Birth of Spring

'Tis night, and now the whistling wind,
Those chills without, and those within,
Around the glowing hearth do press,
And talk of spring and its power to bless.

Hark! 'twas a gentle knock at the door.
The first was all; there were no more.
'Twas there that on the threshold lay
A baby wreathed in flowers of May.

They nursed the child, so strong and fine,
Till the warm, bright sun of heaven did shine,
And the earth was bathed with April showers
And budded forth into fragrant flowers.

It was a golden day in June
That a bird was warbling its merry tune,
And the baby's guardians heard it sing,
"My friends, you've harbored the new-born spring."

* * * *

II

Evening Meditation

Hush, 'tis evening's mystic murmur,
Whisp'ring through the lofty pine;
'Tis but a soft and gentle token
Of a love that is divine,
Of a spell that is unbroken.

Shining in its glowing heavens
Sails the moon through the twinkling bay,
Casting o'er the world its wonder,
As it takes its royal way,
As it cleaves the clouds asunder.

Gliding o'er a gilded ocean
'Tis a bark of glitt'ring gold.
Oh, the wealth of such devotion
God hath given young and old,
Stirring now my true emotion!

Awe-inspired, I stand there gazing,
At the wonders God hath wrought;
Head bowed down, but soul uplifted,
By the lesson nature's taught,
Of a man with God thus gifted.

* * * *

III

Sonnet of Spring

'Tis spring, and life is budding forth in glee;
The merry robin redbreasts gayly sing
Above the springing, chirping everything.
The earth is blooming out in every tree,
And bears sweet nectar to the bumblebee.
In every pond a "knee-deep" song does ring,
And chilling winter dares no longer cling
To a world where joyous spring would victor be.
But man, for whom it all was wrought by God,
In form remains the same, yet by it all
He is inspired to seek for greater things;
To trust in Him who made us from that sod
From which the flowers at His gentle call
Have sprung; hence man to his Creator sings.

* * * *

IV

On An Atheist

I saw it wand'ring through the vale,
A sad and lonely sight;
I heard its wan and weary wail,
In the silence of the night.

The echo as it answered yet,
Its weird and wild refrain
In groans and moans, I'll ne'er forget
My heart did pierce with pain.

It stood there by the spring of life,
Till it sank upon the sod;
But it knew not how to vie with strife—
'Twas a soul without its God.

Old Panama

By Phyllis Hersh

AN air of peaceful quiet prevails here in this old and ruined city. The jungle silently and slowly continues to take possession of a once beautiful and powerful metropolis. We stood in the still silence of the tropical mid-afternoon, with the sun beating down mercilessly upon us, and looked out to sea. The indigo waters had fled from the golden strip of sand that lined the shore where the century-old, but still protecting wall had failed to hold the the encroaching waves back from a moldering, crumbling city. A mile away the waters sparkled and leaped, but between the strip of golden sand and that lovely flashing blue was a barren waste of sticky black muck that held on its bosom small sun-flecked puddles. Curious blue crabs ran lightly over its surface, and small sea folk played about in their tiny silver puddles. Bits of drab seaweed and pink shells lay where Neptune had forsaken them, awaiting his return. Soon the waters would come hurrying back, the waves tumbling over one another in their haste to reach the shore. Neptune would once more gather up his children, and again a lovely bay would smilingly adorn the barren waste.

As I stood there, the rattle of an anchor chain came to me down through the ages. The tide was high, and just outside the shallow bay a Spanish merchant ship had come to anchor. Her sails flapped idly, and the rhythmic singing of the deck hands came across the water, as boats were lowered over the side and were quickly loaded by brawny men, whose bodies swayed to the chants of their shipmates. The oars dipped and rose and flashed in time to the boatswain's lusty shouts. Eagerly, the many small boats skimmed over the shallow waters and were soon beached. No sooner had their burdens been carried up the paved ramp to the top of the sea wall, of which the King of Spain, having grown impatient at giving so much from his vast treasure chests to build, made the statement that he expected to rise one morning and see from out his chamber windows the wall, rising in majestic silence on the horizon, than a great commotion went up from the throng that awaited them. The shrill, excited calling of women over their bargaining, the shouts of the merchants, the quick, sharp barking of dogs broke the monotone that had prevailed. Women in picturesque, long, full-skirted dresses, with their white or black mantillas, the well dressed

merchantmen, and the barefoot boat crews in torn and dirty clothing lent a varied touch of color to sand and sky. Perhaps a few tiny tots looked on in wonder or ran up and down the sandy strip and joyously picked up the shells that were teasingly just out of reach of the waves. Old Sol had smiled on those people of yesteryear just as he does on us of today. I often wonder just how many millions of tales Sol could tell us if he would.

Another picture loomed before me, a painted picture of sea and sky. It was a dull sky, for Helios had hid his smiling face in sorrow. It was an oily, grayish sea over which the ship skimmed, urged on by the wind that filled its sails to bursting. Salt spray flew from beneath its prow. The fleeing ship's hold was filled with the treasure of a rich city. Sir Henry Morgan and his buccaneers came panting to the beach and cursed the fleeing ship on the horizon. He must have raged in his wrath at the tide that had left the tiny boats in the bay high and dry. He would have to wait several hours before he could reach the remaining ship at anchor, which he could easily confiscate for use in pursuing the rich prize that had slipped through his aching fingers.

My dreaming was disturbed by the rather realistic clink of coins, rattled close to my ear. One of the party shook his filled hand and made it clink tantalizingly. A merry, wicked gleam came to his eyes as he grinned and said, "Some nickels Morgan forgot." I, being quite young in years and thick headed (unfortunately, this curious malady has stuck with me) immediately started to search the beach. I searched in vain while my good friend picked up coin after coin. It was quite a while before I found that he threw the coins on the beach ahead while I was not looking and would then calmly gather them only to repeat the action. Needless to say, I was laughed at for my stupidity.

I turned and entered the ruins of the Cathedral, centuries old, but still a place of majesty and interest. Built of stone and mortar, its walls and tower had withstood the elements. The blue sky, with its cottony clouds as its roof now, and the doors had long since fallen to dust. A tiny seed had found an earth-filled crevice high up on one of its lofty walls and had grown into a majestic tree. Its searching roots had reached down on either side of the masonry to find what nourishment they could, and so lent a grotesque appearance to one corner of the huge, massive structure. A little to one side a once magnificent stone circular stairway led upward to the bell tower. I mounted

four steps, the only ones left. High in the tower there once had hung the bell that called the populace to the services. The old tower now stood mutely, its voice stilled forever. Silently it stood and seemed to brood on what used to be. There was no tiled floor here. There was nothing to tell of the riches that used to abound in the city. Morgan had seen to that. He had looted and sacked mercilessly, taking everything he could put his cruel, itching fingers on, but the Cathedral tower had stood, bringing down through the ages a quiet peace and a solitude that has become mellowed in its old age. Nature has kindly covered its bleeding wounds. Trees and shrubs cover its naked and marred walls. Draperies of clinging vines clothe it in verdent greenness, and a carpet of long grasses takes the place of a once paved floor.

It was here that women and children had come for refuge from so cruel a tyrant. But what cared he for the sacredness of what lay beyond those church doors? It was to the churches and government houses that he had gone first. Perhaps he had splintered and burst his way through, cutting and slashing as he went, taking everything that glittered, snatching the jewels from the women's necks and arms and leaping toward the altar to gather the church's riches while the women wept and prayed in terror and clung to their screaming children.

There still stand the walls of Casa Reale that might have withstood attack. Its walls are thickly built with small square holes placed every few feet for the convenience of a firing squad, but no musket barked a warning from its walls that day, for men had been hacked or cowed into submission by gold-thirsty pirates. Here, too, Mother Nature is kindly and comfortably folding to her bosom a building that had seen more active days.

The arched bridge still spans the trickling stream that flows beneath it. Many a weary traveler had trod over its narrow roadway, for it marked the entrance to the great metropolis of Central America. It was a bridge over which had come marching feet. Buccaneer cutthroats, dressed in the many colored costume of their day and heavily loaded with a bewildering assortment of knives and pistols, advanced across the narrow bridge, advanced while the people fled before them. Shouting in their triumph, they killed right and left, seizing what treasure had not been hidden. Marching feet—the sound comes dimly now down through the time-worn centuries. Grass-crowned

in its mellowed age, the bridge serves as a sunning place for the sprightly little lizards that skip about over its moss-grown stones.

The tower of San Augustine lifts its shrub-grown, careworn head proudly as we look back for a last lingering farewell. It had seen a happy people bowed down in sorrow over night. It had seen and heard the flames eat and crackle in diabolic glee the homes and municipal buildings of a beauty-loving people. It had seen the rose-colored smoke turn to grayish dullness in the early dawn of a day that saw ruin where once prosperity had reigned. San Augustine lifts its storm-beaten head proudly, for it knows that they were not a people without courage, for they founded a new Panama, miles away from the old. The new Panama is a city of a once more happy, prosperous people. They are not without their troubles, however, for they are like other people, a tear today and a smile tomorrow.

Thoughts

By Katherine Rucker

Alone
At this hour of night,
When all have gone to bed,
I read, they think, but instead,
I plan my fight
Alone.

Mistakes
Of the day don't fade
As they come to my mind at this hour.
I was innocent as a flower,
When thoughtless I made
Mistakes.

Oh, God,
Direct this one
To live tomorrow right,
Without errors in the fight
Of life not yet won,
Oh, God!

The Voice of the Violin

By Leona Baird

THE great train rushed on through the night from Leipsic to Berlin—its fiery lights gleaming like the eyes of some huge, medieval monster.

In one of the second-class compartments sat Frederick Zeisbourg and his little four-year-old son, Eric. Professor Zeisbourg was an instructor of Harmony at the Leipsic Conservatory of Music, but, at the death of his young wife, whom he had worshipped, he had seemed to lose all interest in his work, and at length he was ordered to Berlin to rest.

At his feet lay a green felt case covering his most cherished possession—an old Cremona violin. It was of wonderful and intricate workmanship, and the tone of it under his skillful fingers was almost like a human voice—now laughing, now nearly sobbing; sometimes with a note in it as of the combined sorrow of all the world. It had been handed down to him by his father, and he, in turn, was beginning to teach little Eric to cherish it.

Eric turned to his father and said, in a high, sweet little voice: "Daddy, why are you sad?"

"I was thinking of the Angel Mother, little man. You never knew her," answered Frederic in a sad voice.

"And was she pretty—this Angel Mother?" lisped the little boy.

"Ach, mein childer, like the roses that grow in the garden at home," replied the man softly.

The little boy moved restlessly, and finally turning to his "Daddy," he asked, "Daddy, how far is it now?"

Frederic looked at Eric and smiled—a slow, sweet smile of infinite tenderness.

"And are you tired, my son?" he whispered.

"Yes, Daddy," whispered Eric in reply, "and so sleepy, too."

"It will not be far now, little man."

The child sighed and pillowed his curly head in the curve of the big man's arm. It was a touching picture—this little, little boy with his flaxen curls and round blue eyes, resting so trustingly against the shoulder of the big, sad-eyed man.

Suddenly, the gentle picture was distorted as a terrific jar rent the train, and the shrill scream simultaneously tore the night air into a thousand pieces. Man and boy were cast headlong into the aisle. Amidst the anguished din which followed,

Frederic heard his son's terrified cry and then he sank into unconsciousness.

When consciousness returned, he found himself in a bare, white-walled room, the walls of which seemed to advance and retreat before his stunned gaze. He uttered a weary sigh, and closed his eyes again. He felt a cool hand on his head and a soft, feminine voice soothing him.

“There, there, you'll soon be all right again,” this voice said.

He opened his aching eyes and whispered, “Eric?”

“Now, don't try to talk,” replied the voice.

“But you're not Eric! Where am I?”

“In St. Joseph's Hospital. You were in a train wreck, on the outskirts of Berlin,” said the nurse kindly.

“Where is Eric?” whispered Frederic.

“Eris? Who is that?”

“Eric, my son—my little boy? Was he hurt?” Frederic's eyes searched the sweet face above him.

“I don't know,” answered the nurse. “He isn't here. We found only you pinned under one of the cars.”

“And my Cremona—where is it?” again the weak voice pled.

“I'm sorry. We saw nothing of it. Now, you must be quiet—you've lost a lot of blood and it isn't good for you to worry. Please try to sleep,” and that cool, welcome hand was again laid on his fevered brain.

“No! No!” Frederic spoke wildly. “Let me up! I must find them.”

He strove to raise himself, but the effort was too great, and he sank back in a dead faint. The nurse hurried from the room in search of a doctor, with tears of pity welling in her kind eyes.

Meanwhile, Eric was at the home of one of the passengers on that ill-fated train. She was an opera singer, and had smiled at the little boy across the back of the seat ahead. When the train had crashed, she had picked Eric up, and, having looked in vain for his father, had taken him to her apartment. He was miraculously unhurt, and he clutched in his tiny arms the violin—also unscathed.

After feeding the little boy, she took him in her arms and sang to him to cease his crying.

“But where is my Daddy?” wailed the boy.

“He'll be here soon,” answered the woman softly. She was Greta Shultz—better known to the operatic world as “The Nightingale of Berlin.”

Soon the curly head began to nod, and humming softly so as not to waken the sleeper, she rose slowly and put Eric to sleep in her own dainty bed. She wondered about the big man with his tender smile and determined to keep Eric, if his father were not to be found, to take the place of that little one of hers who had died so long ago.

Years passed. The yellow-haired baby was a young man now, and, thanks to the care of his foster-mother, was a very promising musician. He had inherited all of his father's talent, as well as the Cremona. On the advice of his master, Greta was sending him to make his debut into the world of music in New York.

Fate had not been so kind to Herr Zeisbourg. After losing his young wife, his son and his cherished violin, he had sunk into the depths of despair. He had traveled far and wide searching for his boy—and had spent all of his meager fortune in the meanwhile; and now he was old and disheartened.

At length, on a bleak winter night, he came to the conclusion that life really wasn't worth living alone. He had a little money left—enough to buy him one more meal or a ticket to the opening night of a young musician. He chose the latter—not noticing the name, except that it was "Eric." So with a pang of longing, he entered the great auditorium. It was packed, and the lights were lowered as he took his place.

A slight, youthful figure walked out upon the stage. This figure was Eric, and his heart gave a frightened thump as he gazed upon the sea of faces in front of him, ready to make or to break him. But as he lifted the Cremona to his chin, all of his old confidence returned, and he poured his whole soul into the music.

As the opening bars of the "Moonlight Sonata" swelled out, Frederic gripped the seat in front of him. He knew that tone! He rose to his feet and stretched out a trembling hand. People around him were becoming annoyed; so he resumed his seat with a muttered apology. He listened, enthralled, throughout the program, and, as the last, lingering notes died away, he heard a vast sigh breathed over the entire audience. He rose to his feet and made his way to the dressing-room of the young artist, whom he met coming out of the door just as he reached it.

"Pardon me, Herr, but is your instrument a Cremona?" queried the old man in a choked voice.

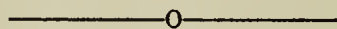
“Yes, sir. It was my father’s; he was killed in a train wreck in Germany years ago,” answered Eric sadly.

“You say—what is your name?—quick, man!” Frederic gasped out.

“Eric Ziesbourg, sir,” the boy replied kindly.

“Eris—my son! Praise the Good Father. I am your ‘Daddy!’” cried Frederic.

As recognition dawned swiftly on the face of Eric and a light of joy came into his eyes, he enfolded the trembling old frame of his father in his strong, young arms. The voice of the violin had brought the “dead” to life, and had found the lost.



Imagination

By Dorothy Baxter

Thou, most welcome guest,
For once be ready to rest;
From fair and flooded lands of laughter bent,
Usurp my generous mind to thy content.

I would with Fancy roam
With Jollity to her home,
To wander, delightfully dreaming at my leisure
Of airy nothings and unreprieved pleasure.

Dreams are but interludes—
The finger of Fancy intrudes
To turn the pages of the Book of Life,
Relieving the dullness-renewing strength for the strife.



A "Vacation" In a Sanatorium

By Wilson Sykes

I DON'T know why, but it is true nevertheless, that most people place a certain stigma on the mere word "tuberculosis."

No one can deny that it is a dangerous disease, but there is no reason why a sufferer of the malady should be looked down upon, as a great number of people are prone to do today. I have often heard people say that they would rather die than contract the disease, and I have heard several say that they would rather die than go to a sanatorium, even though they had contracted it. They took their choice—and died. Foolishness—and ignorance—that's all it is.

About four years ago I suffered a physical breakdown, and it was feared that I had contracted tuberculosis. There were just as many negative as positive tests, but the doctor wasn't taking any chances, so he prescribed a "rest cure at a well-known mountain sanatorium." My feelings were mixed at first—I couldn't see why it wasn't all right for me to stay at home. I had already been in bed three months and had shown great improvement—but orders were orders.

I had to wait for several weeks after sending in my application, and in the meantime I began to look forward to the trip—to consider it as a sort of adventure—something entirely new. This attitude helped more than a little, although I didn't know it at the time.

The first day at the sanatorium—shall I ever forget it? I was too sick to sit up. I had arrived at bedtime the night before (8 P. M.) and to bed I went the first thing. I was on the children's pavilion, and one of the older boy patients welcomed me and helped me to get things straightened out. At that moment there was born a friendship that has lasted until this very day.

Never had I found a bed so hard in all my life. The next morning I was sore all over and homesick—yes, homesick for the first and only time during my entire stay of six months! After two weeks in the "emergency room" (a room in which all new patients are isolated for two weeks) I quickly grew used to the routine of sanatorium life and even grew to like it—yes, I liked it, and I can even go farther and say that I never had such a good time in my whole life!

After leaving the emergency room, I was placed on the boys'

ward—there were no private rooms—with nineteen other boys. The entire south wall was open, except for the screen wire, and the whistling of the wind through it at night was music to my ears—music that lulls one to sleep, although it is mournful.

The general program (and this was practically the same throughout the sanatorium) was as follows: At 6:30 in the morning each patient was awakened and his temperature and pulse recorded. After this he washed and dressed in a steam-heated dressing room, where each boy had a locker for all his possessions. Bed-making came next. At seven o'clock they all assembled in the classroom with an equal number of girls whose ward was on the opposite end of the building and separated from the boys' by the classroom and nurses' quarters. Breakfast was at 7:30 in a separate building behind the "Garret," as ours was called. No one was allowed to speak at the table during meal time, except to the orderly, who waited on the table. To get around this restriction there was a "deaf and dumb" finger code. I had no need for it (I was too busy eating to use it) and was considered "dumb" because I didn't learn it. After breakfast a form of opening exercises was held, in which all took part. This was led by either one of the patients or the superintendent, who was also the schoolteacher.

After this, one-half of those present went out on the uncovered porches, clothed only in white trunks, to take sun cure (this was compulsory for children, but not for adults), while the other half attended school. We took sun cure, regardless of the temperature and it didn't matter whether there was snow on the ground or not—but when the clouds covered the sun we shivered and prayed for it to come out again. Most of us were brown as Indians after a month or two of this and almost as tough. After the first group had gotten their share, they traded places with the second.

All patients were required to spend one hour in bed before dinner. They were allowed to read and also to talk, if they didn't get too noisy. As a rule they did. After dinner came "quiet hour." Bed again—for two hours, and no one was allowed to speak a word. Reading was permitted. One hour of sun cure followed this. Afterwards, those whose weight was up to standard and whose temperature was normal were allowed a certain amount of exercise. One hour was the maximum amount, and was usually taken out in walking.

Supper—leisure time—bedtime at 8 P. M.—the day was over.

Not so for me, however. I got "in" with the night nurse, who was a cripple, and after prayers I went back into the classroom (also called the "office") and shook down forty thermometers for her every night.

One night she heard a noise at the rear of the building, and fearing that some intruder was trying to enter, she woke me up and asked me to see if all the doors were locked. I was just as scared as she was, but I didn't let her know it. Of course, there was nothing there, but it didn't hurt to make sure.

My first examination at the Sanatorium was negative in every way, except for my temperature, but that came down before long. My weight also climbed rapidly until it reached normal and then refused to go higher. I also grew three-quarters of an inch during the first week. I hate to think of what would have happened if I had continued to grow at that same rate, but as it is, I haven't grown a bit since then.

Every patient, if large enough and well enough (the ages ran from 6 to 16) made up his own bed. That was how I found out what made them so hard. A wooden frame separated the mattress (harder than the one I used at home) from the springs. This was used as an aid in making the body grow straight. Another method was to sleep without a pillow. This is a habit which I still have. I quickly got use to all this and soon it was "O. K."

When it was ascertained that my condition was such as to permit it, they let up on my schedule a whole lot and gave me more "privileges" than the majority enjoyed. I got up a half-hour earlier in the morning to distribute and collect the boys' thermometers. Then I took the reports on the previous day's work to the staff officer before breakfast. After breakfast I went to the postoffice and store. I also took the same trips before supper. I was usually late getting back and had to eat by myself.

The surrounding mountains always held a peculiar fascination for me, and I never grew tired of studying them through a telescope. The sanatorium itself was located at the base of one of these "hills" and slightly higher than the surrounding territory. Most of the buildings were surrounded by trees, mine being the only one completely in the open. Sometimes, when the snow was on the ground, the building had the appearance of being in the middle of nowhere, but it was beautiful just the same.

There were several reasons for enjoying my stay at the sanatorium. On Thursdays and Sundays we “had to eat ice cream.” Can you imagine anything easier or sweeter than that?

The friendships which I found I value more highly than anything else. The superintendent was from my home town, and several of the patients had lived nearby.

On Sunday morning we attended Sunday School in the Chapel. Some of the patients were teachers. At night an interdenominational service was usually held by some visiting “sky pilot.”

We always enjoyed having visitors, but some of them we almost loathed. Whenever we saw anyone spitting on the ground or walks—well, we couldn’t stand it. We had been taught sanitation day by day, and this was too much for us. The visitors were the only ones who did it. At one time during my stay they were responsible for a chicken pox epidemic. I left after six months “vacation,” and so strong was the bond that bound me to the sanatorium that I didn’t want to leave, and I have returned as a visitor three times since then.

When I look back over that period of my life, it is not with regret, but with a pleasure that I cannot express.

Tuberculosis is a disease which can be prevented, which can be checked, but which can never be cured after reaching the advanced stage. Fresh air, sunshine, good food and plenty of it, with a peaceful and optimistic mind are the necessities for a tubercular patient, if he wishes to regain his health.

So—why should a stigma be attached to the mere word “tuberculosis”? Just ignorance and stupidity—that’s all.



On Spring

By John Turlington

What lovely flowers blossom in the spring!
The birds how gayly sing from up above,
And whisper to their mates in songs of love!
The woods and forests with rapture seem to sing,
Proclaiming this the day for ev'rything.
The damsel, too, with beauty like a dove,
Seeks strange adventure which she knows not of.
The world seems bright and cheerful in the spring.
Too soon the frost will come and kill the flowers;
Too soon the leaves from all the trees will fall;
From earth's white shroud too soon the birds will flee;
No longer will they warble in their bowers.
Thus time creeps stealthily upon us all—
For beauty and joy last not eternally.

—o—

The Shopkeeper of Moscow

By Julie Vaughan

THE people who knew Kratsky in those later years of his life saw him only as a wizened, ageing little shop-keeper, whose nature had gradually blended itself into one with the dismal atmosphere of his surroundings. Even had they desired to learn more about him, they would have found it a difficult task. He guarded the secrets of his past as he hoarded his coins—with a miser's care.

Often during those long, dull days in the shop, his thoughts reverted to the old days at Platyev's, to the rooms he had occupied—the study with its windows overlooking the trees. Left with a small fortune of over three thousand rubles by the death of his father, Kratsky spent much of his time as a young man in solitude, studying, forming vague and undefined ambitions—ambitions, nevertheless, which he hoped eventually to realize.

In those days one figure stood out before all others for him—that of Mavlinov. Mingling little with society, Kratsky came to regard Mavlinov's friendship as a thing to be treasured. He valued the attention and criticisms the other gave his writings, and never doubted the sincerity of his friend.

Mavlinov, on the other hand, saw their friendship only as a

means of material gain. He was cleverly scheming, as it were, under a mask, awaiting an opportunity to carry out his plans. When it did come, he played his part well—so well, in fact, that he left Moscow and the bewildered Kratsky a richer man, richer by three thousand rubles—Kratsky's rubles.

Mavlinov's departure marked a change in the whole course of Kratsky's life. He no longer had time for leisurely study and dreaming. There were facts to be faced. True, there were other friends to turn to, but he found that, although they were ready with their sympathetic advice, they could offer nothing more. It made him bitter against them, too, but all his hatred and anger centered on Mavlinov.

A week after the latter's departure, Kratsky left Platyev's and spent days listlessly wandering the streets till the scanty sum of two hundred rubles left him had dwindled to scarcely more than twenty, and his prospects had turned to despair. At the critical moment he had accepted the meager offer of Michel-off, a shopkeeper of the poorer districts, who needed a clerk. Then came the task of settling down to the every day life of a dingy shop, to the collecting and hoarding of coin after coin; the ordeal of living through days of monotonous toil, tortured by recollections of old ambitions—ambitions that were dying now with each successive lapse of day on day. Sometimes, remembering old times at Platyev's, he felt an overwhelming disgust for his loathesome surroundings. At such times his passionate hatred of Mavlinov reached a frenzied pitch, and he fell to scheming, forming wild, useless plans.

Gradually he developed into the Kratsky that the rabble knew: a coarse, malicious Kratsky, cherishing his resentments, exaggerating them to please himself. He had ceased to hope that he might rise above his environment—that hope had given way to an almost fanatical belief that he would meet Mavlinov again, and he lived for that meeting. . . . But all that was past, long past.

Tonight the greasy glitter of the coins, their metallic clink as he piled them one on the other, seemed repulsive, sickening. There were forty-two rubles: a good day's reckoning. Forty-two rubles? What did it matter whether there were forty or twenty? A strange, restless, indefinable feeling had come over him as he counted the coins. He wanted to do something, anything, that would make him forget himself and the unendurable life he was leading. Then he remembered the little black book he had

brought with him from Platyev's long ago, the book that had lain for years on some dusty shelf, forgotten till now. Absently he gathered the rubles into a soiled money-bag and set out to search for it. Returning with it immediately, he pushed the rubles aside and sat down to read by the light of a solitary candle. For a long time he remained there, poring over the contents of the book, forgetting all else but the refreshment they afforded his tired mind.

Then he remembered the things he had been reading. The person who had entered as he sat reading, and who was now quite near, somewhere in front of him. Kratsky looked up. Mavlinov was standing before him. The little shopkeeper stared. There was no question as to Mavlinov's mission. His dirty, sagging clothes and his pallid, distorted face told more plainly than words could have. At sight of the other all the smoldering hatred he had nourished for years flared up anew in Kratsky, mingled with a sort of wild joy. This was indeed the realization of his hopes, the meeting he had planned and desired above all else.

Then he remembered the things he had been reading. The old words that daily toil had almost obliterated from his memory were now fresh in his mind: 'Forgive thine enemies,' 'Seek not revenge.' . . . They had a strange, soothing effect on Kratsky, calming his emotions, and shattering in one moment the plans he had spent years in forming. Suddenly he remembered the rubles, the soiled, bulging bag of rubles on the table before him. Acting on impulse, he seized them and held them out in his extended hand to Mavlinov.

The other clutched them greedily. For a moment his hungry eyes gleamed; then he slipped away into the darkness again as silently as he had come. That was all.

Somehow in the days that followed that final meeting with Mavlinov, the old strain was gone, the awful consciousness of the drag of time, hour on hour, day on day. Perhaps it was the work of age, age that was bringing with it a passive submission to the inevitability of fate, resignation. Who can tell?

The Chant

By Virginia Wicker

I saw the open window of a church,
And listened for the words, “Beseech” or “Grant,”
But heard not sounds of struggle or of search;
I heard the soothing notes of Mary’s chant,
The words and yet unbroken chord,
“My soul doth magnify the Lord.”

An image above me wore a golden sign;
The Christ in the picture seemed to smile in life.
A glorious halo proclaimed Him King divine,
And the waves of the music spoke of peace, not
 strife.

The chant was of the One adored,
“My soul doth magnify the Lord.”

A longing that to me was deep and strange,
Arose as from an ancient dream, long dead,
And made me hunt and seek to rearrange
My life. And follow always where He led,
To sing with all in one accord,
“My soul doth magnify the Lord.”

—o—

On Herrings

By J. Van Holt Barker

THE lion may be the king of beasts, but the herring is the king of “feesh.” Call hi mwhat you will: ale-wife, madhadden, or “herren,” he is still the most popular of fishes.

Unlike most fishes, the herring seems to me to have a personality. He is, it must be confessed, a very democratic object and an unusually common one. Question, if you will, a group of successful men of the day, and I’ll warrant you that a majority of them will admit to have been intimately acquainted with this insignificant article of diet as a very important item in their earlier bills-of-fare. Likewise, question any group of unemployed or down-and-outs, and I assure you that ninety percent of them will admit having met the same object with much pleasure and regularity in their younger days. With conditions as they now

are, I see no reason why the herring shouldn't stage a noble come-back as the chief article of food for many. There's no getting around it: the herring is a most democratic piscine.

While working in a grocery store, I have a wonderful chance to study this little fish and his effects on all who become acquainted with him. Well, I recall that about two years ago the herring catch was unusually short, the natural result being a sudden leap in the monetary value of the humble herring. To put it mildly, his stock sky-rocketed.

"How much is 'herrens'?" a gentleman of color asks, as I wrap up his peck of meal.

"They're mighty scarce now," I reply; "they're thirty cents a dozen."

"Thutty cents!" the dusky one exclaims in horror, but adds, "Well, gimme three dozen, anyhow."

There are times when we are out of herrings and are unable to get them immediately. Naturally, we then suggest lake-fish, roe herrings, trout, mackerel, or some similar salt fish, but never in such a case is a substitution sale made. When a person wants plain "herrens," he wants just them, and nothing else will do.

"Sometimes I love you. Sometimes I hate you," applies very well to some of my experiences as a herringmonger.

"Gimme a nickel's worth of 'feesh,'" requests a customer, and I very obligingly go to get them.

"Well," I think to myself, "I won't have to get my hands all messed up for just these few fish"; therefore, I try to hook some from the top of the brine, but they're rusty, and so I have to dig in anyhow. Down goes my hand into the sloppy brine until it hits the bottom. After plowing through all the brine in the barrel, I suddenly remember that we're out of herrings. Look what a mess my hand is in, and all for nothing!

"Why isn't it against the law to sell herrings except in cans?" I angrily ask myself as I go to break the bad news and clean up.

Next Saturday I wish to wait on my favorite country customer, and his first words are, "Give me three dozen herrings first so that I won't forget them."

"O. K., Colonel," and off I go to round 'em up. "If I have to

get three dozen, I have to mess my hands up anyhow, so I may just as well enjoy myself while doing it,” I think, and accordingly have a fine time fishing for the elusive denizens of the briny deep. In fact, I get a great kick out of it—sometimes.

I’m not ashamed to admit that the herring is my favorite fish. Personally, I’d rather have a nice herring for breakfast than all the fried chicken that has ever been eaten by Methodist preachers.

—o—

Spring

By Mary E. Ward

Pleasant meadows filled with sunshine,
Droning bees in search of honey
From flowers that on the lea recline—
These I’d not give for any money.

Gurgling brooks and cows in corn,
Just like a Mother Goose fairy tale;
E’en little Boy Blue might blow his horn,
And Jack fall down with his empty pail.

And the earth plowed up in ruts of dirt
By the farmer’s son so tall and strong;
Ordering often in tone so curt,
Sometimes bursting into song.

Oh, I want to be out in the meadows there,
Amid the finer things in life,
To breathe the fresh and unspoiled air,
Far from all conflicting strife.

For the meadows, you know, were made to love;
I’ll always do that very thing.
I’ll keep my vow, by the blue above,
To hold a tryst there every spring.

Lipstick

By Mary Clark Roane

ALL was quiet on Rotten Row in dear old London. As usual, a cold, milky fog crept stealthily downward over the roofs and gables of stately mansions. In the home of Sir Cecil Cloverbloom, a well known English lord, sat Sir Cecil himself, deeply engrossed in the "London Times." Evidently some article in the "Times" attracted his attention, as he stroked his moustache in comprehension. He was interrupted from his reading by the announcement of tea by the maid, as it was indeed five o'clock.

At the tea table sat Sir Cecil, his wife, Lady Constance, a tall, stately lady of about forty, bent on having her own way, and their son, Percival, a boy of nine, truly a little rascal.

"Bah, Jove! Beastly weather we're having," began Sir Cecil. "Thank goodness, I am going to America."

"America!" his wife exclaimed in amazement. "May I ask why?"

Sir Cecil explained, "Oh, I say, don't get excited. I only want to visit some of the bally old banks and attend to some business, doncha' know."

Although a business transaction was the real reason necessitating the banker's trip, he eagerly anticipated seeing some of the beautiful girls he had read about in the "Times."

"What an absurd thing to do," said Lady Constance, "but if you go, I go too."

"Oh, but—I say——"

"I am going with you," asserted his wife, in a determined tone.

"But—but, you can't," replied Sir Cecil in a weakening voice.

"Don't contradict me; I am going too."

"Oh, all right," came from Sir Cecil, very crestfallen.

"Ah! In America at last, and now to Chicago," sighed the Englishman. When they arrived in Chicago, he showed signs of satisfaction, but Lady Constance only sniffed and said, "What a vulgar place; come, Percival, take my hand."

As soon as they were settled at the hotel, Cecil anxiously said, "Bah Jove, I'll have to go to that bally old bank; rawthar beastly, eh what?"

“Yes, but you be back here by ten o’clock,” his wife admonished.

“Ah, free at last,” breathed the Englishman as he walked down the crowded street without the slightest intention of going to a bank. His first thought was the “Follies,” but it was too late; then his second thought was slumming.

“Bah Jove, a ripping ideah,” exclaimed Sir Cecil.

As he took his seat at a table near the dancing floor in a speak-easy in a low quarter of the city, he chuckled softly: “What a ducky place! What would wifey think?”

At a table in a far corner of the room sat two huddled figures, talking in hoarse whispers. Sir Cecil was mysteriously pointed out by one, a large, gorilla-like man with a jagged scar across his flabby cheek. The other figure had the appearance of a rat, with a small, squatty body and squinted, back, beady eyes, and a hawk-like nose. Their very appearance told their identity; gangsters. The first was known as “Diamond Joe” Reagan; the other was called the “Rat.”

Regan growled in a hoarse voice, “Dat’s de very guy.”

“Yeh, git de moll to do her stuff,” the “Rat” squealed in response.

Nell, the gun moll, a blonde of coarse beauty, sauntered to the Englishman’s table.

“’Lo, big boy, having a swell time?” she greeted him in low, guttural tones.

“Bah, Jove, I—I—say, I’m having a jolly time,” he stuttered in amazement at her approach.

She played up to him until she got him to join the two underworld menaces, and little did the poor, inexperienced Englishman know what fate was in store for him.

“Diamond Joe” and the “Rat,” with the help of Nell, lured him into their den and started questioning him.

“Ain’cha a president of a bank in England, and don’tcha know some bank people in Chicago?” Reagan asked Sir Cecil.

“Why, yes, but——”

“Well, youse is gonna rob a bank; git me?”

“Bah Jove, what an odd ideah! Fancy me robbing a bally bank, ha! ha!” laughed Sir Cecil.

“Shut yer trap! Youse is gonna do it, or I’ll put yer on de spot; see?” shouted “Diamond Joe.”

"On the spot of what, mah deah fellow? I don't quite understand."

"Well, youse will soon understand, before I git through wit ya. Rat, guard him till I come back. De job is gonna be pulled at ten o'clock tomorrow morning; git me?" Reagan asserted in a domineering voice.

Poor Sir Cecil was forced into a car the next morning after a sleepless night in a dirty den. He had been given his instructions and was threatened by ferocious looking automatics, which would mercilessly kill him if he did not rob the bank. He was put out of the car in front of a well known bank and told to go ahead with his job. Reagan told him, "Remember, youse is guarded strictly from outside, and we see every false move. Git dat fifty grand."

Sir Cecil nervously entered the bank, but received the amount promptly, for the president thought he was getting the loan which he was supposed to negotiate at that bank. As Sir Cecil came out, the gangsters concentrated their efforts upon making a swift search up and down the street, and getting away with all possible speed. Thus the vigil kept upon him relaxed, and Cecil dropped his handkerchief in the doorway of the bank; then he stepped into the car where the gangsters were sitting, and they sped off.

The handkerchief was not discovered until afternoon, and on it was written in blurred red letters—"You've been robbed by Reagan's gang. Sir Cecil." The gang was rounded up, and of course Sir Cecil was a hero. He had written on the handkerchief with some lipstick which he had failed to return to the gun moll, and had used it when unobserved.

After having been very much lauded, he returned to the hotel, where his wife was madly anxious. She rushed to him and cried, "My hero, I will never again—What is that on your cheek?"

"Why,—er—er, oh, I say, it is only—er—doncha' know—a," he stuttered.

"Ah, ha! Lipstick. Oh, you—you," she began, overcome with rage.

"Oh, mah deah, now calm yourself. I daresay, I—I—can explain," exclaimed Sir Cecil, trembling with fear.

"Oh, no you can't, you beast, you—you cad."

And so far, far into the night.

The Statuette

By Aulick Burke

There in the distance, his eyes all a-flame,
Seeking new fields in which to gain fame;
His fore-paws pressing 'gainst rocks piled high,
Woe to whatever prey he may spy.
In his almighty presence, the birds even sing
Melodious praise to their jungle king.

His muscles are taut, his head held high,
He has not a conqueror under the sky;
His features are set and he's eager to dart;
Any moment, it seems as though he may start;
His lust for blood is in every vein,
And a dim light falls on his wind-swept mane.

This ferocious beast with features all told
Is really and truly not half so bold.
He's molded of iron—poor lifeless creature.
Day in and day out he moves not a feature;
He has no ambition, sees life with scorn;
Some mahogany table he'll always adorn!





The Staff

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John Turlington	Associate Editor
Archie Robertson	Associate Editor
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Anna Lou Moore	Staff Artist

Mr. H. Augustus Miller, Jr., Faculty Adviser

"Missile" Again Ranks First

NATIONAL honor and recognition have been again obtained for Petersburg High School, through the achievement of the "Missile," which has been awarded first place in the recent annual Columbia Scholastic Press Contest.

We acknowledge an unabashed pride when we call to your attention again the outstanding history of the "Missile." As an entrant in this contest, our magazine has made its record noteworthy by ranking first three times, second twice, and third once. We are rightfully proud of these feats, and we are equally proud of the staffs and the contributors whose work has made possible this recognition.

—A. F.

Letter Awards for Scholastic Merit

SUCCESSFUL the inadequate plan heretofore practiced in Petersburg High School, which granted insignia to our worthy athletes only, is a new plan, introduced by Mr. H. A. Miller, Jr., providing for the extension of similar honors to worthy representatives of our school activities. While this new arrangement will not reduce the honor accorded our athletes, it will bring into public recognition those who are of scholastic merit, and who will do equal honor to the wearing of the High School insignia.

By the provisions of the new plan, the winner of the Progress Index Journalism Medal, the debating teams, the editor of the “School Weekly News,” and those who are considered of sufficient merit on the “Missile” staff will receive letters.

This spring sees the inauguration of the new system, and we are eager for the entire school to approve and welcome the extension of honors, as we feel sure it will.

It is a reasonable contention that the brain of our school deserves honor as well as the brawn. Both contribute equally to secure fame and recognition for Petersburg High School. Should not both receive equal remuneration?

—A. F.

* * * *

A More Effective Student Council

AT a recent meeting of the faculty a plan, rather different from anything hitherto tried in the school, was brought up and passed upon. It was decided that the interests and the activities of the school be intrusted to the general initiative and supervision of a group of committees, formed from the different school activities, and having as chairmen certain pupils selected by the faculty. These committees shall act upon athletics, class matters, publications, societies and senior activities.

The chairmen and one ex-officio representative from each class, not already having a member on the student council, which representative shall be elected by the class he represents, shall constitute the student council of the school, and shall be held

responsible for the conduct of all school activities. The other members of the committees will be elected by the groups they represent.

Various other duties of the committees shall be to initiate and carry to completion all undertakings coming under their respective authorities; to elect a faculty adviser, whose duty it shall be to act in an advisory capacity, but whose duty it shall not be to initiate any undertaking sponsored by the committee.

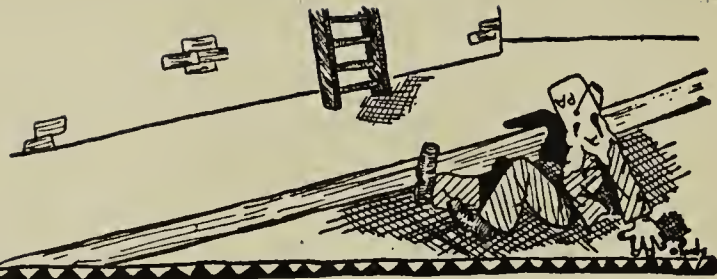
These faculty advisers shall act in consultation with and on the advice of the individual activities supervised by their respective committees, and shall construe their positions as advisory, rather than initiatory; and lastly, no committee shall sponsor any form of activities except with the approval and consent of the principal.

The plan is most feasible and undoubtedly it will prove a great success.

M. W.



Little MISSILES



Shaw: "Why are you running that steam roller over this field?"

Pshaw: "I am going to raise mashed potatoes this year."

* * * *

F. Tucker: "I think I'll reduce. There have been too many laughs at my expense."

* * * *

F. Townes: "I can't stop the car, Marvin; what'll I do?"

Marvin W.: "I don't know; but for gosh sake hit sumpin' cheap."

* * * *

Sarge: "A Buick engine has more horse power than a Dodge, and a Dodge has more—uh——"

Mary Van: "Mule power than a Ford."

* * * *

Miss Ribble : "This short story is impossible. I'm going to write to your parents about it."

J. Jones: "Go ahead! They wrote it."

* * * *

"How are you getting on at school now, Mary?"

Mary Van: "We're learning words of four cylinders now."

* * * *

Father: "I won't have my daughter tied to a stupid fool for life."

The Boy: "Then hadn't you better let me take her off your hands?"

* * * *

Fishing

By W. M. Bates

One morning at the break of day,
We started out upon our way,
To try our luck in a lonely nook,
In a quiet place by a little brook,
For there the fish will always stray.

We sat upon the grassy bank,
And watched the fish play many a prank.
While I was slowly baiting the hook,
By the side of this lonely little brook,
Then suddenly out of sight they sank.

The bobbing cork reminded me
Of some great ship on an angry sea;
At last the cork sank out of sight,
And as I pulled with all my might,
I could not guess what this could be.

And then at last, to my delight,
The heavy fish gave up the fight,
And will you believe when I tell you,
My fish was just an old black shoe?
To me that was an awful sight.

* * * *

An historian announced that women used cosmetics in the middle ages. Women still use cosmetics in the middle ages.

* * * *

Teacher: "Johnny, use the word indisposition in a sentence."
Johnny (doubling up his fist): "When youse wants to fight, you stands in dis position."

* * * *

Mr. Freas: "Have you read the lesson?"
Anne Lee B.: "No, sir."
Mr. F.: "Did you read yesterday's lesson?"
A. L. B.: "No, sir."
Mr. F.: "What have you read, then?"
A. L. B.: "I have red hair, sir."

* * * *

Sarge: "What's the formula for water?"
Mary Van: "HIJKLMNO."
Sarge: "Where'd you get that from?"
M. V.: "Miss Mosely said it was H to O."

* * * *

Teacher: "What's your last name, Mary?"
Mary: "I don't know yet; I'm not married."

She's So Dumb—

—she thinks “Yankee Doodle” was the theme song of the American Revolution.

—that Rex Beach is a summer resort.

—that condensed milk is made especially for use in kitchenettes.

—that a dogma is a mamma dog.

—that community silver is the kind you can borrow from neighbors.

—that bridges are built to shade the fish.

* * * *

“It's a long lane that has no parked cars.”

* * * *

Davies: “Whatcha scratchin' your head for?”

Trueblood: “I'm the only that knows it itches.”

* * * *

“I will drive the car,” said the infuriated wife as she climbed into the back seat.

* * * *

Smitty: “Do I need a hair cut?”

Dick S.: “Oh, that's the trouble? I thought you had a fur cap on.”

* * * *

“That's enough out you,” said the doctor, as he stitched the patient up.

* * * *

Ah, Me!

By Maxine Welch

I sit in my lonely dignity,
And search through the realm of time
For words of unknown destiny
To form a single rhyme.

What is this thing called rhythm—
A dactyl or trochee?
Or have I got them mingled
With a pyrrhic or spondee?

The midnight oil is burning,
The dark shadows o'er me creep;
My eyelids seem to flutter—
Alas, I've gone to sleep.

Words of some of our more ancient alumni:

Jonah: "You can't keep a good man down."

Cleopatra: "You are an easy Mark Anthony."

David: "The bigger they are, the harder they fall."

Queen Elizabeth: "Keep your shirt on, Raleigh."

* * * *

Drunk: "Do you know me?"

Judge: "No."

Drunk: "Then, how do you know it's me."

* * * *

Mr. Miller: "What's the plural of child?"

E. Bowen: "Chi—no, twins."

* * * *

Miss Guerrant: "Mr. Lucas, how did Mr. Pope beat you on test this time?"

E. Lucas: "He was sitting too far away."

* * * *

What'll we come to next? Mr. Miller said, "I did saw him coming." Here we come, Mr. Ripley.

* * * *

Pa: "And why were you kept in today?"

Son: "I forgot where the Azores were."

Pa: "Maybe that'll teach you to remember where you put things."

* * * *

Mr. Miller: "You can't tell what a boat's going to do, so we call it 'she.'"

* * * *

Mr. Thompson: "A transit is an instrument used by surveyors. Can anyone tell me its use?"

A. Sherertz: "Yeh! You use it for surveying."

* * * *

H. Wright (after two months in Trig. class): "When do we learn to shoot, Mr. Thompson?"

Mr. Thompson: "Shoot? Where'd you get that idea?"

H. W.: "I thought triggerometry was instruction in trigger work; I wanted to shoot."

Mr. Freas: “The devil is this way, that way, and—(pointing to himself)—and this way.”

* * * *

Mr. Freas: “They came to talk love and not to talk sense.”

* * * *

Mr. Freas: “I’ve been telling you that rule for two years.”

Abe Hassett: “I must have been Rip Van Winkle for two years.”

* * * *

Mr. Freas (translating): “I say, Mr. Wise Man.”

A. Hassett: “Sir? Did you call me?”

Mr. Freas: “Well, well; he knows his name.”

* * * *

Mr. Freas: “All animals are useful to man.”

A. Burke: “How about Williamson?”

* * * *

Mr. Freas: “Nothing can be understood in French.”





Memory Shrine

By Cherrie Burgess '26

Far in my dim, dear, half-forgotten past,
Radiant each in her own peculiar light,
Three angel figures glow in soft contrast,
Tingeing my thoughts with visions sweet and
bright.

They are enshrined where time can never mar
Their beauty: the first one glows in rosy fire-
light;
The next is as sweetly clothed as a silver star;
While the last one shines with all the gold of
sunlight.

First, before a flaring open fire,
My rosy lady read for my delight
Verses that warmed my heart to a deep desire
For the gift of song. Then, on a summer night,

Aided by whispering trees and the magic of stars,
My silver lady taught me the love of a God
Who is life and love, whose perfection nothing
mars.

Lastly, my golden lady so hapily trod

On her sorrows, much graver than my own,
That she brightened my too serious life like
a gleam
Of sun after storm. Now, though passing years
have strown
Their mist on mem'ry, my ladies still reign
supreme.

THE previous issue of the “Missile” contained information concerning some of our graduates, beginning with the class of 1925 and ending with the 1930 class. In this issue, however, we shall go back as far as the 1913 class. See if you can recognize any of the 1913 class:

Frederick G. Ribble, Jr., received his A.B. degree from William and Mary College, and his M.A. degree from the University of Virginia. For a while he was principal of Matoaca School. Following this, he spent part of a year in the army at Camp Zachary Taylor in the Officers’ Training School. From here, the war being over before the completion of his training, he went to study law at the University of Virginia and received his law degree. He is now Professor of Real Property and of Constitutional Law at the University of Virginia.

Agnes B. Stribling, honor graduate of the class of 1913, is married to Mr. Raymond Dingledine, Professor of History and Social Science at Harrisonburg State Teachers College.

Charles R. Stribling, Jr., valedictorian of his class, is a college professor in St. Louis, Missouri.

Sallie D. Hayes is teaching at Fines School, Princeton, New Jersey.

Helen Allgood, formerly a teacher at Lee Grammar School here, is now Mrs. Livingston Walke, and lives in Richmond.

Annie Britton is a stenographer at the American Hardware Company.

Russell S. Perkinson is connected with the Southern Construction Company of this city.

Bessie Wills Callender teaches the third grade of D. M. Brown Grammar School in this city.

Estelle E. Gates is married to Mr. Edward Johnson and is living here.

C. Frank Scott, Jr., is operating a real estate business and resides in Walnut Hill.

Leslie Wingo is cashier at the Petersburg Savings and American Trust Company.

J. Thompson Wyatt is a practicing lawyer in this city.

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

We shall now review the class of 1914:

Ellen Irene Avent, formerly a teacher of the fourth grade at Lee School, is now Mrs. Louis F. Witte, of Rocky Mount, N. C.

Elizabeth Watkins Drewry, honor graduate of her class, became Mrs. Galilee. She died in May, 1926.

Mildred Helen McCaleb is a teacher of the second grade of D. M. Brown Grammar School here.

William Henry Kevan Booth is a salesman for Booth and Co., wholesale grocers; he is living in Petersburg.

Myrtle E. Benson taught at D. M. Brown Grammar School for several years. She is now married and is living in Georgia. Sallie Leigh Cole teaches drawing in Richmond public schools.

Anne Louise Hines died about eight years ago.

Mabel Epes Peterson works in the office of Gilliam and Gilliam, attorneys-at-law.

Virginia Clare Ridenour married Powhatan Winfield.

Leon Chester Vaughan is now Mrs. E. O. Talmadge of this city.

Alberta Bowman married Roy Work, and lives in Columbus, Ohio.

Lucia Neaves is a stenographer at the Cotten Motor Co.

Otelia Beatrice Wachsmann is married to Mr. Flowers, and is living in Sussex County.

Wallace Bruce Bowman is also married and teaches school in New Rochelle, N. Y.

Ruth Allgood is now Mrs. Wynne, and is a kindergarten teacher in Petersburg.

Helen Louise Bowman is a teacher at Jackson Grammar School here.

Charles Ashby Camp lives on Walnut Hill, and is working at the Camp Fertilizer Company.

Francis Orlando Strailman, Jr., is working at the Petersburg Builders' Supply Co.

Mary Elizabeth Sutherland married Reuben Alley, also of the class of 1914, who is now a minister.

Charles MacAlester Gilliam, Jr., married Miss Virginia Gilliam.

We take pleasure in announcing that two Petersburg boys have been placed on the honor list at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute for the winter quarter, just ended. There were 129 students on the list, including 37 seniors, 29 juniors, 30 sophomores and 33 freshmen.

S. W. Grossman, senior, and J. M. Pilcher, freshman, both graduates of P. H. S., had their names placed on the honor list.

* * * *

We are also very proud of another of our alumni at college—John D. Meade.

Mr. Meade has been elected valedictorian of the 1931 graduating class of Randolph-Macon College.

John D. Meade, of the 1927 class, has been exceptionally active in all campus activities. He has played an eminent part in forensic, journalistic and literary activities, having been a member of the debating team for the past three years, and a member of Tau Kappa Alpha, national honorary forensic fraternity.

He was formerly editor of the “Yellow Jacket,” weekly publication, and is this year director of athletic publicity for the college. He is a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity.

* * * *

We have the following information concerning our alumni at Hollins College:

Irene Bernard finishes at Hollins this year, and is song leader for the senior class.

Dorothy Perkins, of the 1929 class, is a sophomore, and is taking an active part in the music of the college; she is a representative on the Music Board, and is a member of the Kellar Committee.

Marguerite Harwell, of the 1929 class, is also a sophomore, and has made her mark in athletics. She is Secretary-Treasurer of the Athletic Association; she is a member of the class hockey team, the Odd hockey team (one of the two major teams in this sport); she won third place in the individual swimming meet, is Captain of the Sophomore Basketball Team, is a member of varsity basketball team, and is on the class swimming team.

Helen Stephenson, who was honor graduate at P. H. S. last year, is a freshman at Hollins this year.



Spring Football Practice

COACH DAY called spring football practice in the first week in March. The purpose was to drill the old squad on plays, to work out a possible next fall line-up, and to teach the new players and Yannigans the fundamentals and plays. About seventy boys showed up for this practice, and prospects for next season look good. Coach Day is out to find a good center for the approaching season and to develop another quarterback, since these are two of the main positions that are to be vacant next fall because of players finishing school.

* * * *

Baseball

The outlook for Crimson Wave's baseball season is bright. Eight letter men are back, and the bunch of Yannigans are fighting hard. With this squad the baseball fans may look forward to a successful season.

P. H. S., 4; Dinwiddie, 3—The Wave was successful in its first scrap of the season, which was battled with Dinwiddie. Dance pitched this victory, but afterward his arm "went bad," and he was unable to take up the position for any length of time in the next succeeding games.

P. H. S., 3; Sussex, 0—Coach Day's squad, with continued success, defeated their second opponent, Sussex, with a 3 to 0 tally. Because of the wind and rain, it was agreed that the game should not exceed seven innings. Eric Tipton, with his good pitching and timely hitting, led the Daysters to victory. Nine of the Sussex batsmen went down on strikes. In the third inning, with Felts on second, "Lefty" McCants clouted out a home run. Coach Day's charges put over their third run in the sixth inning, when Robertson came in on Redford's safe fly to left field.

P. H. S., 6; Suffolk, 6—This battle was the Petersburg squad's first road game. Simonson, Dance, and Tipton were all in the box. The Wave took the lead, but because of costly errors, Suffolk was able to rally. Several good chances to score were lost by the Petersburgers, and Suffolk tied the count. Eric Tipton's

excellent batting was followed closely by M. McCants, Smith, and Robertson, who chalked up two hits each.

P. H. S., 3; Edenton, N. C., 2—The Edenton contest was fought tightly by both sides, and was saved by the timely hitting of Jones. Tipton pitched a nice brand of ball. This was his second game on the road trip.

P. H. S., 2; Hertford, N. C., 6—Petersburg's only defeat came at Hertford, N. C. In the pinches the batters were unable to connect with the ball, and errors tended to ruin the score. However, this road trip gave Coach Day a chance to determine the ability of the members of the squad for future engagements.

P. H. S., 6; Hopewell, 4—The Hopewell team was rated as a strong squad this season, but its engagement at Petersburg proved the Wave's superiority. Petersburg took the lead in the first inning, when Smith brought in the first run. Hopewell, in the next few times at the plate, forged ahead, but Tipton was pitching an excellent game, and in the eighth inning they were leading only 4 to 3. In the ninth inning, score 4 to 3, two out, Petersburg at bat, bases loaded, with two balls and one strike, Jones walloped the pellet in a clear drive out into center field, bringing all men in. So another game was won by his timely hitting.

P. H. S., 11; Faculty, 10—The fans had a great treat when they turned out to see the Faculty game. The squad was determined, for once, to be able to subdue their teachers, and finally succeeded, after a hard scrap. Ben Campbell, Oliver, Weeks and Holmes led the hitting of the Faculty, while Nims, in the field, and Miller, second base, played their positions well. “Biff” Caldwell caught a fine game.

P. H. S., 19; John Marshall, 10—Coach Day's tossers worked havoc with John Marshall High School's record of 28 successive victories by defeating that school by a 19 to 10 score. Petersburg's terrific assault blew three Marshallite pitchers from the box, and caused a great deal of trouble for Shade, who had been taken from shortstop. The Justices were able to score steadily in the early innings, and at the beginning of the fourth inning, when Tipton took the mound, the Richmond nine was leading 10 to 1; but from then on until the end of the game, because of Tipton's splendid pitching, they never scored. Tipton fanned eight of the Marshallite sluggers, and his own dynamic batting

produced a double, a triple, and a single, which drove in six runs, not including two other runs that he himself brought in. "Lefty" McCants clouted out a home run, besides a two-base hit. The Justices threatened to score in the first inning, when a double play, Meredith to Jones to L. McCants, retired the side, Petersburg came back in the fourth inning with 7 runs, and continued in the sixth, seventh and eighth with 3, 6, and 2. Nine of the Petersburg squad took a hand in the heavy slugging that whipped the John Marshall eleven for the first time since 1917, and broke a record of 28 successive victories.

* * * *

Golf Season

Quite a number of contestants entered the matches that were held in the first part of April to determine the golf team. Aulick Burke was chosen captain.

In the match at Norfolk, the team, Aulick Burke, Fred Gill, Bolling Cameron and Herbert Hamilton, was defeated by Maury High, 13 to 5.

Matches have been arranged with Roanoke High School and John Marshall. The Southern Interscholastic match will be held at Charlotte, N. C., and there will be an interscholastic meet at Roanoke. Another interscholastic meet will be held at Woodbury Forest to determine the Virginia championship.

* * * *

Tennis

The tennis team, under the coaching of Mr. Powers, has been going steadily. Matches have been made with Thomas Jefferson High, St. Christopher, John Marshall, and McGuire's; and matches are expected with Roanoke, Lynchburg, and Maury. There are several veterans back: Bates, Boisseau, A. Robertson, and H. Wright, and there are some promising new candidates: F. Robertson, B. Worsham, N. Williamson, and J. Williamson. The elimination contests have already been completed. M. Bates won first place; A. Robertson, second; F. Robertson, third; B. Worsham, fourth; H. Wright, fifth; and E. Boisseau, sixth. The team has been working with particular emphasis on singles. Everyone is looking forward to the new courts that are under construction of Lee Park. This will be a great benefit to the team, as they are now using private courts.

—G. H. R.

Girls' Athletics

Tennis

The girls of Petersburg Hi, not satisfied with only one sport, have organized two tennis clubs.

One, the “Racquet Club,” has as president Katherine Berkeley, and as coach Miss Lucy Pilcher, of the faculty. The other, the “Hot and Miss Club,” is captained by Charlotte Hoy, and has Alice Farinholt for president and Miss Ruth Phillips, of the faculty, as the coach. Its other officers are: Grace Fletcher, vice-president; Elnora Enniss, secretary; Mary Evelyn Williams, treasurer.

Both teams are practicing regularly, and there are promises of some good players.

The girls are also showing interest in golf, as the organization of the golf club brought out a large number of enthusiastic candidates.

The members play on the Crater Club golf course every Saturday. There will not be any matches, however, as this year the club is only for the purpose of awakening an interest in golf amongst girls and providing beneficial training to those girls who are anxious to learn the game.

—M. V.





Few of us realize that we even had a Virginia flag; but for quite a while P. H. S. has owned one. It has remained unseen, because there has been no staff for it. Thanks to the History Club, we now have one. Of course, each student contributed his three cents, but the officers of the club had to get it. That was a hard job, and we certainly do appreciate it.

* * * *

One afternoon Mr. Freas heard an airplane over the school and remarked that maybe Creighton McCutcheon was flying around, getting ready to drop a bomb on our P. H. S. What do you think of that?

Among all the alumni of Petersburg High there are representatives in many different activities, but until recently we have not been represented in the field of aviation. Creighton McCutcheon made his first solo flight some time in February, after being instructed by Mr. Neff, of the Aileron Flying School, which is situated on the outskirts of Petersburg. McCutcheon has just graduated from P. H. S. and he hopes to become a commercial pilot. What next?

* * * *

The local Hi-Y this year seems to be having a spreading influence. They are making an effort to establish like organizations in various parts of Southside Virginia. Under Mr. Miller's guidance, clubs have been started in Dinwiddie and in Hopewell. Don't you think this is a fine idea? We sincerely hope these new organizations will be a success.

* * * *

Our P. H. S. library was very fortunate in being among the libraries to be presented with the book, "Drifting Sands of Party Politics," by Oscar W. Underwood, former Senator from Alabama. Mrs. Underwood presented this book in memory of her husband. We certainly appreciate this gift, and hope it will aid our Civics students in their study of politics.

* * * *

One of the most interesting entertainments in our assembly was the demonstration given by the V. P. I. representative who showed the P. H. S. students many ways in which to cut a lamb. Do you remember the attractive duck, crown, etc.? Who even thought a lamb could assume so many shapes?

Music doesn't seem to be such a very important factor with P. H. S. students in general; but it should be. There are several interested, though, who are, with Mrs. F. J. Wright, forming a Glee Club. Also several students represented our district in the State Music Contest at Charlottesville, namely: Catherine Wright, Nelda Terrie, Eugenia Jolly, Florence Moore, and Nell Hemphill. May Talmadge, a graduate of P. H. S., was the first winner in her group.

* * * *

Oh, my goodness! Who were those odd creatures which we saw walking around P. H. S. one day? Only the goats of the O. G. Club. Their hair was in thirteen plaits, each tied with a ribbon; dresses were on backwards; huge bows were around their necks; and ribbons were tied around their ankles. Those poor girls endured these discomforts for one whole day!

* * * *

Isn't our baseball team doing great work this season? As this goes to press, they have played nine games, won seven, tied one, and lost one. The hero seems to be Eric Tipton, but there are others close behind. What about that John Marshall game? Could anyone dare to say our team is not excellent?

* * * *

The June graduates have passed through their "second childhood"; at least some of them have. That was the name of their class play. Miss Wilkie coached the following cast: Aulick Burke, Mary Bragg Young, Martin B. Williams, Mildred Martin, Marvin Goodrich, Charlotte Hoy, Katherine Berkeley, Claiborne Pope, "Pebe" Collier, Wilson Sykes and Maxine Welch.

* * * *

The Dramatic Club has certainly "stirred its stumps" this session; They presented three one-act plays, namely: "Red Carnations," "The Jest of Hahalaba," and "Saved." These were directed by members of the club and were fine. They were given in order that one might be chosen to enter a contest in Williamsburg. "Saved" was chosen. The parts were taken by Mary C. Roane, Corinna Williams, Katharine Gill, Julia Melba Alley, Mary Bowles and Mary Margaret Robertson.

* * * *

Did you know we had so many fine debaters in P. H. S.? Among the three societies, the Miller Society had two winners—James Dunford and Elizabeth Thweatt; the Daniel had one—George Reese: the Page had one—Claiborne Jones. The best debater was George Reese. These will debate John Marshall, and then the winners will go to Charlottesville. Good luck!

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